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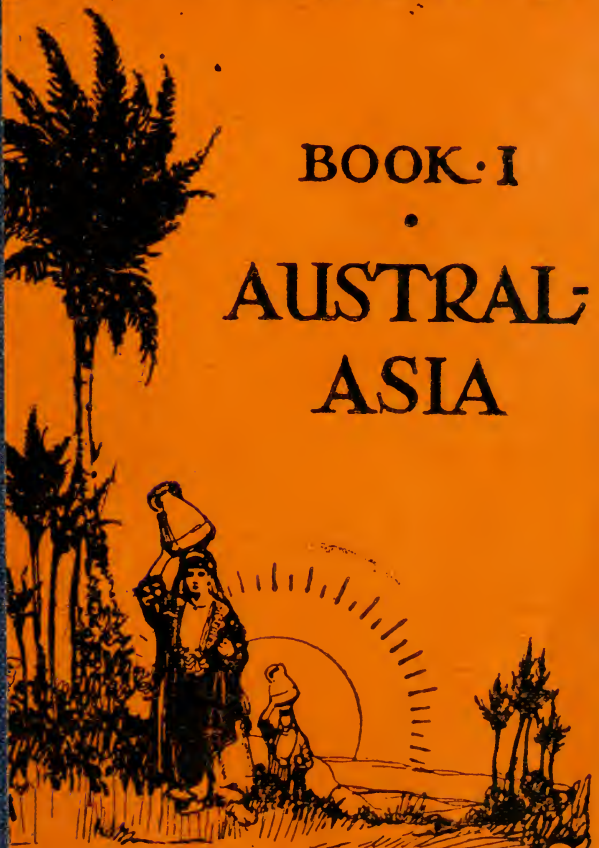
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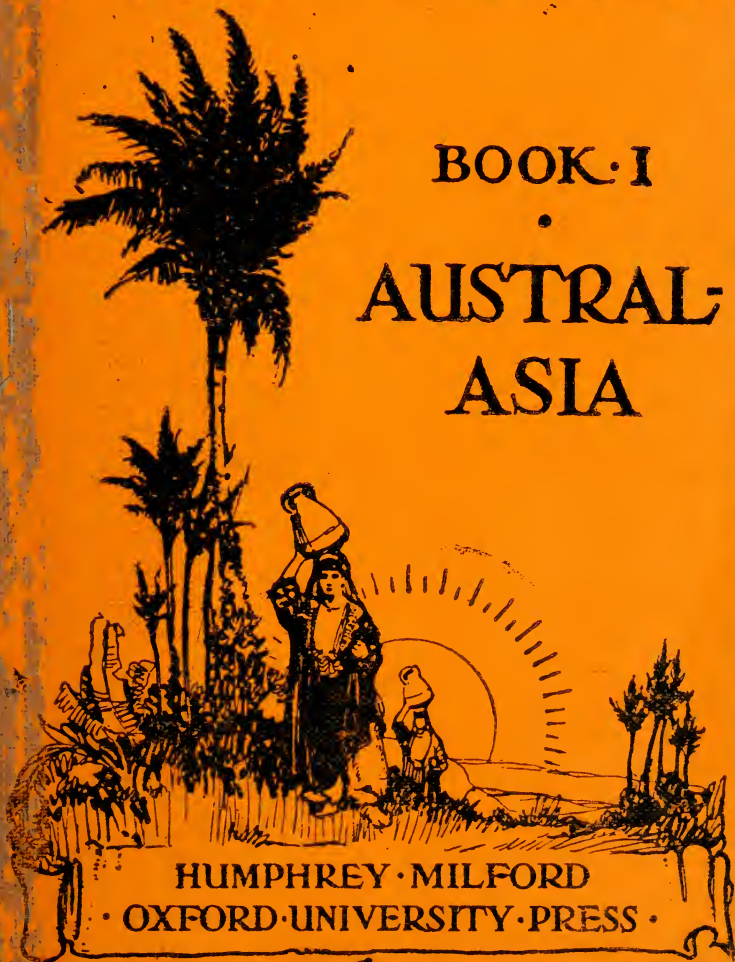
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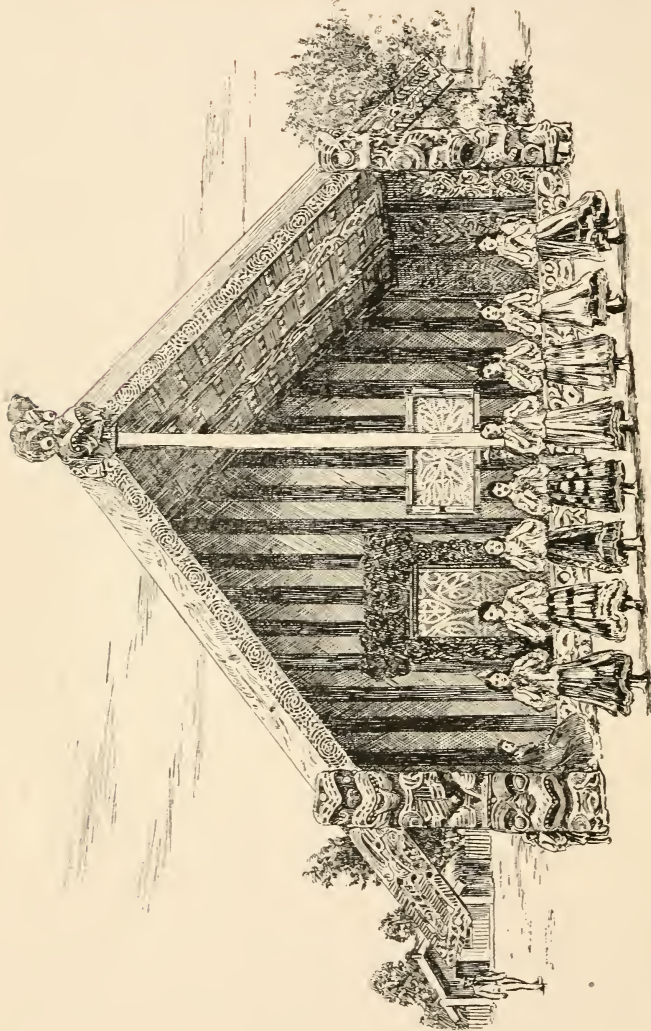
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THE
NATIVE RACES OF AUSTRALASIA.



POI (ACTION SONG) DANCERS AT A MAORI MEETING-HOUSE.

On the left, a Maori dwelling-house.

THE NATIVE RACES OF AUSTRALASIA

AUSTRALIA—TASMANIA—NEW ZEALAND

BY

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¹(RESEARCH DEGREE, OXON.)

OXFORD DIPLOMA IN ANTHROPOLOGY

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TO THE ANGLÓ-ÉGYPTIAN SUDAN, 1913-14

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P R E F A C E

DURING recent years there has been a very happy tendency to change the nature of geographical teaching from a monotonous memorising of the names of natural features to a subject of living interest.

In the endeavour to effect this change there has been a serious omission in our failure to appeal to natural interests of children by making the human element a central feature of geographical work.

A study of the picturesque lives of native races of the British Empire is an absolute essential if the teacher wishes to impart the appropriate colour and setting to a subsequent course of economic, regional, and political geography.

The sharp contrast between European beliefs and customs and those of primitive people is in itself an incentive to study and interest. In addition to this, a sympathetic understanding of the many native races who are controlled by English statesmanship is necessary for the material and moral progress of dominions in the British Empire.

W. D. HAMBLY.

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THE NATIVE RACES OF AUSTRALASIA

CHAPTER I

NATIVE TRIBES OF AUSTRALIA

WHEN visiting the great modern towns of Australia the tourist would scarcely imagine that in each province there are hundreds of native encampments ; while for the wilder parts of Central Australia it may be said that there are many savage tribes which have rarely come into contact with white people, except perhaps near some small sheep run, or telegraph station on the line built from Adelaide to Port Darwin in 1872.

The weary wastes of sand in the centre of the continent have on several occasions been crossed by explorers of great ambition and endurance. Very slowly in the blazing sunshine, and pestered by swarms of insects, the camel trail, organised by intrepid travellers, crossed tracts of land on which only the wild-looking native tribes had set foot. Everywhere the grass was withered and the trees had assumed the appearance of ugly dwarfs. Water

holes were dry ; even the brackish lakes were fast disappearing, and at many points the caravan passed the bleached bones of countless animals which had perished from thirst. Sometimes heavy clouds would gather and pass over without giving their precious burden to the parched land, but on nearing the Macdonnell ranges the scene was changed, and the eyes of the travellers were gladdened by the sight of pleasant little valleys, shady pools, and rocks whose shadow gave shelter from the glare of the tropical sun.

In some of these more habitable regions are the most primitive savages, who for ages and ages have lived their simple lives as hunters, knowing nothing of clothing, of cultivating the soil, or even of making a simple earthenware vessel by baking clay. For centuries, nay, for thousands of years, they have been off the beaten track of civilisation, and only in recent times have their strange customs and ceremonies been observed.

Toward the southern shore of the Gulf of Carpentaria the native tribes are, of course, more fortunate, for there they enjoy abundant moisture which, aided by brilliant sunshine, produces very luxuriant vegetation. In many parts of Queensland, New South Wales, and Victoria the natives have for a century been near the homes of white settlers ; but instead of dropping their ancient customs and beliefs, they still cling tenaciously to them, and some weird magical ceremonies for making rain fall, for securing food, and injuring an enemy, may still be observed. Of course, clothing of some kind has been adopted, also houses have been improved

where the native tribes are near centres of civilisation; but in spite of these alterations there are many tribes who exist exactly as they had done for many years before the great island continent was discovered by Europeans.

On the northern shore of Lake Eyre exists the remnant of the Urabunna tribe, whose members



CUTS ON THE BACK OF A MAN OF THE
URABUNNA TRIBE.

may be recognised by cuts made down each side of the spine. The scars were given in a very painful manner by means of a piece of sharp stone, and though we should say they are not ornamental, a tribesman is very proud of them because they show that he has passed the stage of boyhood and has become a man. Such scars are common among all

Australian tribes, and when they are made a boy is considered very cowardly if he cries out or shows any sign of pain. As a rule the natives are quite unable to say how a custom commenced, but very often there is a legend which is told in order to explain the why and wherefore. Like most stories, the narrative told to explain the origin of tribal marks begins with "once upon a time," and goes on to say that there lived two hawks, Wantu and Irritja, each of whom had a tree to dwell in, and a nest of hungry young ones to feed.

Now Wantu was the stronger, so he compelled Irritja to go out and bring him food, telling him that he and his young ones liked best of all to dine from a black fellow. Irritja was more tender-hearted, and did not wish to harm the natives, but being afraid of the stronger hawk he did kill just one black man per day for Wantu, though for himself he captured a wallaby, that is, a small kangaroo. A little hawk, named Kutta, was on the side of Irritja, and bravely he said of Wantu: "If the old man wants to fight, let him come on." Kutta's courage failed when the old hawk Wantu swooped down on him, and he fled in terror to his relative the bell bird. The bell bird finally delivered the black fellows from the terror of old Wantu by lighting a fire at the foot of his tree, then attacking and killing him whilst he was overcome by surprise. Now the natives of the Urabunna tribe give themselves marks like those on the back of the bell bird their deliverer.

We all know of many Scottish clans, each of which is distinguished by wearing some kind of

tartan, and the arrangement of Boy Scouts in groups which have some animal as a badge is very common. All Australian tribes, and savage peoples in many parts of the world, divide themselves in the same way. For example, the Urabunna divide the tribe into halves, then each half is split up into little groups known as the Water Hens, Wild Dogs, or Swans. Suppose we call the two divisions of the tribe A and B, then a person from the half A must always marry some one from half B, and a man or woman in B must choose a partner from A. Then there is another very strange law in most Australian tribes, for it is actually arranged that a person from the "Swan" group must marry into the "Owl" clan, or that a "Wild Dog" must have an "Emu" for a mate. It is not always that an animal is selected as the badge or emblem, for there is a "Sun," and even a "Grass Seed" group, or "totem," as it is called.

No one dare break tribal laws, for although there are no judges, law courts, and prisons among the natives of Central Australia, tribal custom is very strong, and woe betide the man who will not obey the laws of his tribe. Sometimes a man will marry a woman from the "totem" into which he is forbidden to marry. Then the two are pursued by the angry tribesmen, who beat and possibly kill them. Perhaps it is wrong to say that there are no judges, for all the old men of the tribe act as such, and very severe sentences they pass.

Perhaps a man has committed a theft from one of his fellow tribesmen, or he may have taken the wife of some one else. The culprit stands up armed

only with a short club, or maybe he is quite unarmed, in which case his wife stands by to ward off the boomerangs with her digging stick. From earliest days the Australian boy practises avoiding spears and boomerangs, and many times an offender

is so agile that he escapes a shower of missiles thrown by angry relatives of the person he has injured.



AUSTRALIAN (ARUNTA TRIBE) SHOWING WAVY HEAD, FRIZZLY BEARD, BODY SCARS, AND ARMLETS.

(After Spencer and Gillen.)

The largest tribe of Central Australia is the Arunta, which wanders over a large area from about seventy miles north of the Macdonnell ranges southward to the Macumba River. Every man in the central tribes has a mass of wavy locks, and all old men have long white beards.

It is thought handsome to have a broad forehead, so a great deal of time is spent in pulling out the hair, and often one may see an old man lying in the shade of a tree, while a small boy pulls out the grey hairs from his brow.

The Australian natives are very similar in appearance in all parts of the continent, and nowhere

should we consider them handsome. The nose is very flat and broad, the eyes very deeply set, the mouth large, but the lips, though very thick, are not turned outward like those of a negro. Usually a native Australian has a powerful projecting jaw, and although only of medium height and slight build, his appearance is usually very ferocious.



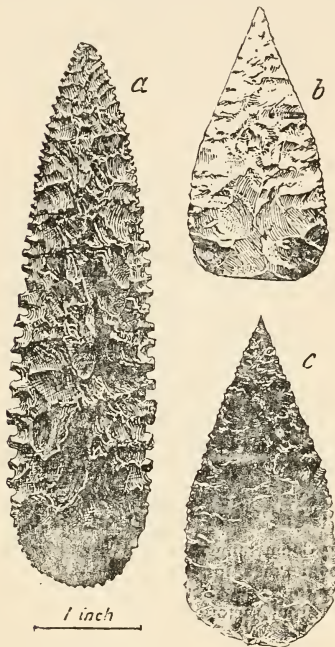
a, b, c. Non-returning Boomerangs, used in War.
d, e. Returning Boomerangs, for Hunting.
f, g. Wooden Clubs from New South Wales.
h, i. „ „ from Victoria.
k. „ „ from West Australia.

Although the skin colour is very dark, the Australian is not anything like an African negro; his long wavy hair and general appearance suggest that at some very early date he formed part of the population of Southern India.

Clothing is not required, but ornaments are popular, and a young dandy who wishes to appear very smart wears through his nose a splinter of

bone tipped at each end with bright feathers, probably from a cockatoo. Not satisfied with this ornament, he wears a white band on the forehead, and twenty little fur-covered strings on his right arm.

It is very difficult to understand how people live with so few possessions. The house is only a shelter of bark; there are no gardening tools, for although the tribes eat all sorts of roots and berries, and even seaweed near the coast, they have no knowledge of cultivating plants. The tribe is frequently moving, perhaps because the water hole dries up and another must be found, or possibly because all animals have departed to fresh pastures.



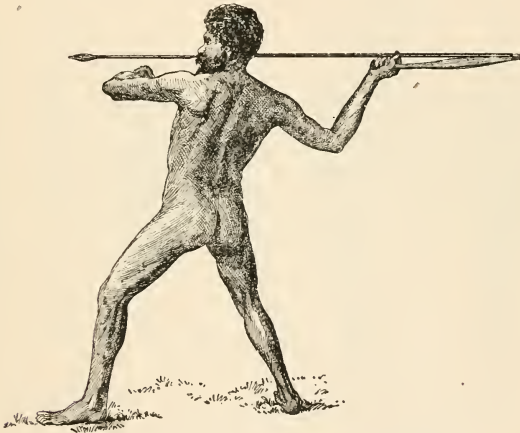
SPEAR-HEADS FROM WEESTRN AUSTRALIA.

a. Of Chert (Flint). *b.* Made from a Telegraph Insulator. *c.* Of Bottle Glass.

The bow and arrow are unknown in Australia, except on the shores of the Gulf of Carpentaria, where the natives have learned the use of these weapons from New Guinea. Boomerangs, throwing clubs, spears, spear throwers, and knives are all in everyday

use, and the Australian native is very clever in flaking bits of stone, or glass if he can get it, into points for his spear. The black fellows have been quite a nuisance in climbing telegraph poles in order to get the porcelain insulators.

Naturally, one tribe will sometimes encroach on the hunting ground of another, and warfare may follow. This, however, is not usually very serious.



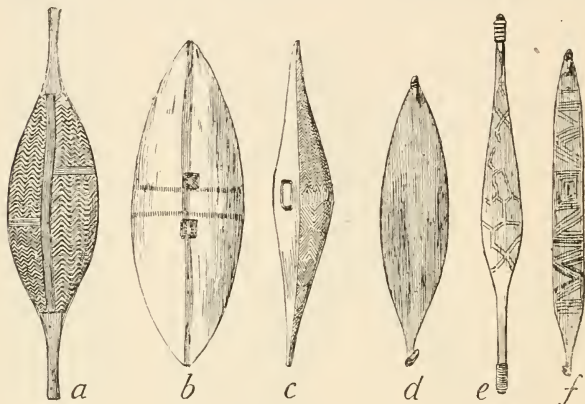
SPEAR-THROWING WITH THE WOOMERA.

for after much time has been spent in painting the fighters with stripes of red, white, and black, and the women have shouted while men have danced wildly, the contending parties meet ; a few on each side are injured, and all the old men return to some secluded spot where peace terms are discussed.

Strange as it may seem, the most treasured possessions of a Central Australian are small painted pebbles or bits of stick, quite valueless, we should

say. Now, why does he prize these so highly? And for what purpose are they hidden away in clefts of the rock, in lonely places unknown to the women and children?

A boy learns of these hiding-places where sacred objects are treasured when he has been initiated, that is, when he has attended a ceremony at which



AUSTRALIA.

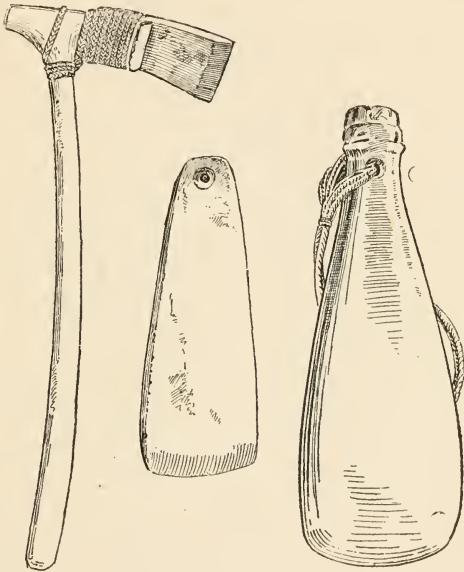
a, b. Spear Shields. *c.* Parrying Shield. *d, e, f.* Spear Throwers.

boys are put through a performance which entitles them to rank with the men of their tribe.

These small sacred objects have belonged to the tribe for thousands of years; in fact, it is thought that they were made by very ancient ancestors, who wished them to be preserved for all time, and any loss or irreverence would bring disease, bad luck in hunting, and all sorts of dreadful calamities.

The Australian everywhere has great respect for his ancestors: he even believes that they may enter

the bodies of animals, or their spirits may dwell in the bodies of little children. In south-eastern Australia there is a widespread belief in a god Daramulun who lives in the sky, also in the Murra



ADZE, AXE-HEAD, AND CLUB OF QUEENSTOWN.

Murra or rain gods, whose help is specially asked for in times of severe drought, and it is with some of these strange magical ceremonies that the next chapter is chiefly concerned.

CHAPTER II

MAGICAL CEREMONIES OF AUSTRALIAN TRIBES

IT is very seldom that savage peoples think that a disease is the result of over-eating or want of cleanliness, and the Australian natives at once say that some enemy has been working black magic, in the way witches were supposed to do a few centuries ago in this country.

The patient feels very ill, and at once the medicine man is fetched, perhaps also the witch doctors are called from tribes living at a considerable distance. All gravely talk by the sick man, and at last decide that the malady is caused by a stone, or sharply pointed bone having been sent into the patient's body by the magic of some enemy. Softly they sing into the ear of the sick one, meanwhile shaking him to arouse a few signs of life. Sometimes a witch doctor says that the stone or pointed bone is choking the patient, so all pull vigorously to bring the object down to his waist, where a girdle is tied to prevent the supposed object from slipping back into its old position. By applying his lips and sucking, a medicine man will pretend to remove the body which is causing pain; he plays the part of a conjurer by holding up a sharp piece of bone

which he has cleverly concealed. The relatives standing round think the object has been drawn from the body of the sick man, and all are much impressed with the cleverness of the medicine man, who is the most important person in the tribe.

Should the patient die, the witch doctors have to own that the magic of the enemy was too strong for them, and steps are taken to find out who was responsible for the crime. No sooner is death announced than a terrible wailing and shrieking is heard, and a rush of relatives is made toward the shelter in which death has occurred. Here terrible scenes are witnessed, for the near relatives of the dead man cut themselves as a sign of sorrow, and all present sway backward and forward lamenting loudly. The widow of the dead man covers herself from head to foot with pipe-clay, and retires alone to a little hut where she remains for several weeks.

Rain and food supply are thought to result from magical ceremonies which are performed quite regularly at certain periods of the year. During some dreadful period of drought, when death from thirst is imminent, the old men of the tribe will gather in a circle to ask the help of the Murra Murra or rain gods. In the middle of the magic circle are two white stones representing rain clouds, and at one part of the ceremony these are placed in the topmost branches of the highest tree. Each member of the gathering makes a cut on his arm, and the drops of blood are allowed to fall in imitation of falling rain. Then the oldest man of all advances to the centre of the circle and throws into the air large quantities of feathers and down,

which again are the symbols of falling rain. In this way it is hoped to attract the attention of the rain gods, who are implored to send a shower.

Men of the "Kangaroo," "Frog," or any other group are responsible for holding a ceremony which is supposed in some magical way to increase the supply of their particular animal.

Kangaroo men repair to a special place, where they stand on a high rock, down which they allow some of their blood to flow ; this drawing of blood always seems to be part of the magic. The kangaroo is hunted, chants are sung, and a special banquet is held. Sometimes all the men spend several days preparing for these ceremonies by decorating their bodies with red and white paint, or perhaps with large quantities of coloured feathers. Strange figures are drawn on the sand ; usually the picture is the portrait of some animal, and around this the gaily decorated performers dance in imitation of the movements of the creature which they hope will multiply and flourish.

From very early childhood the native Australians believe in magic, and no sooner is the Arunta baby born than the mother paints over its eye a black mark, which is supposed to keep away all evil. Every man thinks that he can use magic to some extent to ward off sickness, harm an enemy, or make himself successful in love, and, of course, the medicine man, or witch doctor, is the most powerful magician in the tribe.

A man who is cherishing thoughts of revenge will retire to the bush alone, carrying with him a pointed human bone, at one end of which is resin and some

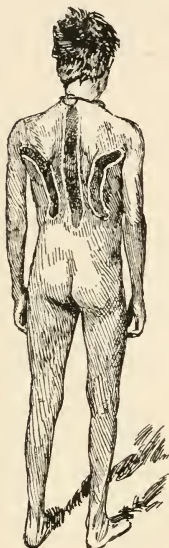
of the hair of the person he wishes to injure. This pointing stick is fixed in the ground while the operator walks round muttering a spell or curse against his enemy. The next part of the performance consists of taking the bone and pointing it in the direction of his foe, meanwhile muttering : " May your heart wither, and may your body be torn asunder."

To make the death of his victim quite certain, the hair from the end of the pointing bone is burned slowly ; this represents the slow wasting away of the enemy against whom this magic is performed. Witches in our own country used to pretend to harm people in the same way, hence every one, especially in a village, was afraid of the old woman who could cast an evil spell ; and at times such magicians were ducked in the horse-pond, or brought up for trial and condemned to death by burning.

The Australian savage makes many magical appliances in addition to the pointing stick, and one of these consists of a piece of string twisted from opossum fur. To one end of this the two front teeth of a rat are fastened, and to the other is fixed the tail of a small, rabbit-like animal, named the " bandicoot." This instrument is secretly placed in the footprints of an enemy, who is then supposed to die from sunstroke. A pebble of peculiar shape, painted in some strange way, is used in exactly the same manner for causing sickness and death.

Every European boy advances gradually from boyhood to manhood, which is generally thought to be reached by the age of twenty-one. Amongst Australian tribes, however, there is quite a differ-

ent arrangement, and several times a year all boys of thirteen or fourteen years of age have to attend a ceremony which is specially arranged to pass them from boyhood to manhood ; the process is known as " initiation," and it may be described as a test of strength and power to endure pain.



BOY PAINTED FOR
INITIATION CEREMONY,
ARUNTA TRIBE.

(After Spencer and
Gillen.)

Up to the time of this ceremony the boy has been a mere child, but henceforth he will be looked upon as a man of his tribe, capable of fighting, hunting, learning where sacred objects are hidden, performing magical ceremonies, marrying, and taking part in the councils of the tribe. In all these matters he is instructed by old men, who take him to a secluded place in the bush, where he may have to remain for weeks or even months.

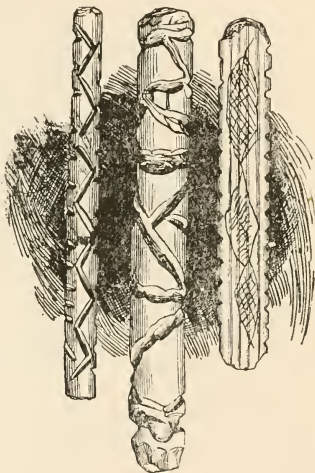
All people who are to take part in the ceremony are gathered together by a native who carries messages on a peculiar, painted, carved stick, for the Australians have no means of writing their language ; the marks on the stick are just symbols which help to keep the messages fresh in the mind of the carriers. Sometimes several weeks are spent in getting together all the tribes-people who have boys ready to undergo their test of manhood.

A large clearing is made, and in the middle of this is constructed a circular earthen embankment, while several hundred yards away is a similar clearing, and the two open spaces are connected by an avenue of saplings bent over to form an arch.

The ceremony commences by some young man pretending he can see a snake. He picks up a stick and runs away, followed by other young men, all of whom warn women and children that they must keep away from the sacred ceremonies. Earthen figures of Darumulun, a god of the south-eastern tribes, are made.

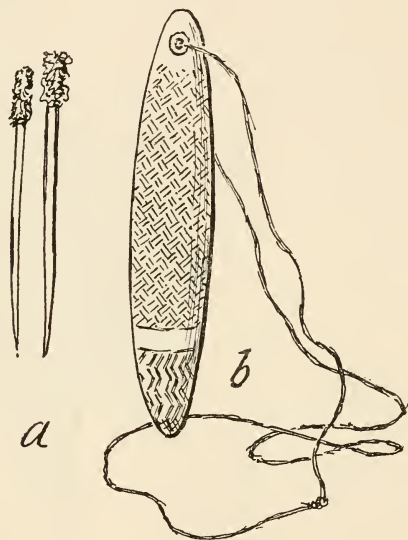
There are dances, songs, modelling of snakes; and as all this preliminary performance is repeated when each new party of boys arrives, it may be several weeks before the real ceremony begins.

When all are present a great fire is lighted in the clearing, and around this are placed the boys who are about to be turned into tribesmen. Each youth is painted red from head to foot, and this coat he retains for several days. Between his feet he holds a stick, at the end of which is a small bag containing the nose-pin and other ornaments which only a *man* is allowed



MESSAGE STICKS, NORTH
QUEENSLAND.

to wear. The witch doctor of the tribe enters the ring and goes through a conjurer's performance of pretending to bring from his body pieces of crystal. The boys all think this very wonderful, and begin to feel afraid before the real performance has commenced. Then ten men blackened from head to



a. Pointing Sticks. *b.* Bull-roarer, used to frighten Boys in the Initiation Ceremonies.

foot dance into the ring and begin to circle round the boys, who by this time are thoroughly frightened, especially when the blackened men prance round, drawing their lips back and making peculiar noises. Now comes a painful process of knocking out the upper teeth, and during this ordeal a boy must not show any sign of pain or he will be considered

disqualified. One of the blackened dancers takes a stone and gives several sharp blows to the two upper central incisor teeth, in order to remove them.

Good advice is given, and all boys are cautioned not to tell lies ; they are also told not to steal, and to bring the best food to the old men of the tribe. In



YAM.

some instances the youths are thrown into the air, and beaten with a stick wielded by an old man who shouts, "I will teach you to bring me food." The teeth which have been knocked out must not be thrown away, for the finder, so it is thought, could work magic with them in order to harm the youth. As a great favour, two teeth, knocked out

during one of these ceremonies, were given to an explorer named Dr. Howitt, and a year later an anxious messenger travelled two hundred and fifty miles in order to ask what had been done with them, for the boy to whom they had belonged had been taken very ill.

The children of an Australian tribe have a very good time playing about with toy spears, boomerangs, dolls, cat's-cradle, or anything which amuses them.



‡ AUSTRALIAN OPOSSUM (*Phalanger*).

At an early age the girls learn to go out digging up yams and gathering fruits and berries. Boys soon learn the tricks of the hunter, and in one tribe of Victoria each boy must bring to the initiation ceremony a live opossum caught by himself, and carried all the way in a bag around his neck.

The life of the women is very hard and monotonous, for they never take part in any of these magical ceremonies which occupy the time of the men when they do not happen to be hunting the kangaroo, opossum, or emu.

Death is in every case thought to result from the magic spell cast by an enemy, and throughout all tribes great is the terror of ghosts. Burial takes place far away from the encampment ; the feet of the corpse are tied in order to prevent the ghost from wandering, and on no account must any one mention the name of a dead person lest he should hear and answer the call.

CHAPTER III

THE STORY OF THE TASMANIANS

AT some very early period in the world's history the island of Tasmania, which is about the size of Scotland, became separated from the mainland of south-east Australia, where some of the native tribes still have a legend concerning the formation of Bass Strait. So it came to pass that the Tasmanians were shut off from all intercourse with other people, for the Southern Hemisphere was unexplored by Europeans. Hence the natives lived the very simplest life which a man can adopt, namely, that of a hunter who knows nothing of cultivating the soil, and nothing of such arts as making pottery or weaving baskets.

Of clothing, with the exception of an opossum skin cloak, the Tasmanian had no knowledge ; his best cutting implements were only sharp flakes of stone, which he took little trouble to work into shape ; while in hunting his only weapon was a pointed spear made from the hard, straight rocts of the " ti " tree. The climate of Tasmania is warm temperate, so perhaps the natives were sufficiently sheltered by rough screens of bark, mere break-winds, and not houses in any sense of the word.

The very simple life of these people was interrupted first by such explorers as Tasman, Péron, and Captain Cook, later by the settlement of Europeans, chiefly Englishmen who were attracted by the fertile country and genial climate. In 1642, Tasman discovered the charming island of snow-topped mountains, deep valleys and placid lakes, and wishing to pay a compliment to the Dutch Governor of the East Indies, he called his newly-found territory "Van Diemen's Land," a name which was not altered until 1804. When England wished to get rid of her convicts, they were sent to far-off Van Diemen's Land, of course in sailing ships, which took six months to do the voyage. Naturally, under this name the fair island gained a bad reputation as the home of savages and convicts, so that when the country proved attractive to British settlers it was thought desirable to change the name to Tasmania.

Captain Cook, amongst other early navigators, has left a description of the people of Tasmania who came under his observation in 1777, and very wild and terrifying they must have appeared. There was nothing in their size to fill one with alarm, for the men were only about five feet six inches in height, and the women several inches shorter. The appearance of these wild-looking, naked people was very ferocious, possibly because they had low, sloping foreheads, deeply sunken eyes, broad noses, and strong projecting jaws. Their curly hair, too, was covered and stuck to their heads with grease and powdered red ochre; the skin colour was a dark chocolate brown; so, all things con-

sidered, the first European sailors who rowed a boat ashore must have been much alarmed when a group of Tasmanian natives crept stealthily forth from behind the shelter of the cliffs.

The first European to be murdered by Tasmanian savages was a youth named George Munday, and the manner in which he was deceived illustrates the cunning and treachery of the natives, who were



TASMANIAN WOMAN WITH NECK-
LACES OF KANGAROO SINEW
AND SHELLS.

constantly at war among themselves, also with English settlers. A savage approached Munday apparently in quite a friendly manner without any weapons in his hands. In spite of such a friendly approach the native was contemplating murder, for, held between his toes, he trailed along the ground a sharply pointed spear of very hard wood. This he suddenly transferred

to his hand and launched with deadly effect when within striking distance.

For many years there was much ill-feeling and strife between black natives and white settlers, so that it seemed impossible for them to share the country. At various times settlers were murdered and their houses burned to the ground, but at the same time it should be said that the natives were not always to blame, for there were at that time many

white men who could be very unjust and cruel. By the year 1825 there was most bitter hatred between Tasmanians and British, and about this time the quarrel was made most acute by the hanging of natives for murdering English settlers. From this time forward there was no peace, and each was determined on the destruction of the other. The British

Government had a plan for driving the blacks to the south-east corner of Tasmania, and there making them prisoners. In order to do this, a line of settlers and troops gradually advanced from north-west to south-east; but so rugged was the country and so



TASMANIAN, WITH NECKLACE OF KANGAROO SINEWS AND RINGLETS BE DAUBED WITH EARTH.

used were the natives to this bush warfare, that an expenditure of £30,000 resulted in the capture of only one wretched boy.

Other methods had to be adopted, and between 1831-36 George August Robinson collected 203 blacks merely by persuading them to come under the rule of the British Government. These natives were all transferred to Flinders Island, where, unfortunately, they were far from being healthy and

happy. Members of the various tribes quarrelled incessantly, traders gave the natives spirits which excited them and caused several murders to be committed. Many of the blacks adopted some form of clothing, but as they discarded it whenever they felt too warm, there were many deaths from pneumonia.

Then, again, when in Tasmania these people led a hard, vigorous life, for not only was the day spent in hunting, but the nights likewise were passed in the open air. Now, however, on Flinders Island the natives were provided with good huts and blankets, and no longer were they required to secure their own food by hunting; so the result was a very high death rate, and a general weakening of the little colony. In 1847 the few survivors were transferred to Oyster Cove, where, sad to say, they met with white people of the lowest class from whom they copied habits of drunkenness, and their numbers were again thinned by heavy drinking.

By 1854 there were but three men, eleven women, and two children. Twenty years later the last man died, and only four women remained. Truganini, the last of her race, died in 1876, and her portrait and statue are to be seen in the Museum at South Kensington.

Such, in a few words, is the sad history of the struggle with Tasmanian natives, and the story of their gradual decay and extinction. There is still, however, something to say of the native tribes who roamed wild and free in the pleasant country which is now a paradise for the enterprising farmer.

Like most savage peoples, the natives of Tasmania

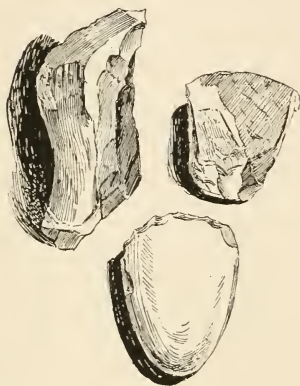
were not united in one strong body ; they preferred to roam the country in small, independent bands, among which there was great enmity and constant warfare. There do not appear to have been any chiefs, laws, or systems of government, but it is said that a man who injured his own people in any way, say by murder or theft, would have to stand up and allow the others to launch spears at him. From childhood the boys practised avoiding these weapons, so the punishment was not so dangerous as one might suppose, and the offender in most cases would escape with only a slight injury. Another means of dealing with those who had committed an offence was to make the culprit sit on the branch of a tree while all other members of the tribe stood round laughing and jeering at him.

As a rule, the hunting ground of any one tribe would not be more than twenty to thirty miles in extent, and then journeys were made in order to follow the movements of animals, or to obtain a warmer camping ground by travelling from high lands to sheltered valleys on the approach of winter, at which time a heavy fall of snow covers the high mountains of Tasmania. During these short trips the men were always on the look-out for game, while women came toiling along through the bush carrying their children and what few skin rugs and small possessions the tribe happened to enjoy.

Sometimes food was scarce, so the tired mothers left their children behind, and the same cruel fate fell to the lot of a man or woman who was too ill to keep up with the rest of the party.

Usually, however, the child had a comfortable

seat astride the mother's shoulder, and as all members of the tribe could swim, there was no difficulty in crossing small rivers and lakes, or even in going from one promontory to another. During these journeys, small, light, bark canoes were used, and these could be quickly propelled by three or four people using double-headed paddles. At night a fire resting on a bed of earth was made



CHERT (FLINT) IMPLEMENTS OF
TASMANIAN NATIVES.

in the bottom of the canoe, and if fire was not carried, it could be made by twirling a stick in a hole made in some soft wood, round which was a little heap of touch-wood. Some explorers say that the ancient Tasmanians had no knowledge of making fire; they had discovered it accidentally when lightning set fire to the dry leaves and timber of the forest. Some fire

was always carried from one camping ground to another, and not until the advent of the white men did the natives learn how to make fire by friction.

Most of the time of these primitive people was occupied in searching for food, and while women and children were digging up fern roots or collecting berries, men were chasing the kangaroo or climbing trees in search of an opossum. Every form of animal life was considered fit for food, so

that even frogs, snakes, lizards, and snails were eagerly seized upon, while people near the coast would collect limpets or any other kind of shell-fish. There was among the Tasmanians absolutely no knowledge of agriculture, and all vegetable foods were collected from wild plants.

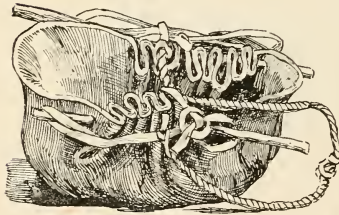
Around the camp fire in an evening there were games, singing, dancing, and stories of the chase.



MAKING FIRE.

The only musical instrument of which the natives had any idea was a drum made by stretching an opossum skin tightly between the knees of the musician, who produced a muffled sound by beating monotonously with a stick. The women had a song asking the "good spirits" to take care of their men folk when hunting or at war, while the men would dance round the fire imitating the movements of animals; meanwhile they sang of

brave deeds connected with hunting and warfare. The favourite dances were the "Thunder and lightning" and "Kangaroo," both of which began



TASMANIAN NATIVE BASKETS: UPPER ONE OF STRING MADE FROM BARK, LOWER OF KELP (SEAWEED).

very quietly by the performers' walking slowly round the fire in a circle. Gradually the pace increased until with great leaps and bounds all were whirling hither and thither until they fell to the ground exhausted. A common pastime was drawing on light-coloured bark with bits of charcoal from the fire, and some natives have been seen to produce very fair pictures of the kangaroo and opossum, with both of which they were, of course, very well acquainted. One strange amusement

consisted of dipping the hands in wet red earth, then going about laying them flat on trees and stones. This practice is common right away in Central Australia; perhaps the custom spread from there in the remote ages when Tasmania was joined to the mainland.

Some time was, of course, spent in making small ornaments, for although no clothing was worn some decoration was thought necessary.

The people wore around their necks several folds of small cord made from the fur, skin, and sinews of the kangaroo. Simple necklaces were made from small shells and teeth, and several early observers say that the Tasmanians showed their respect for dead relatives by wearing one of their bones as a neck ornament. At an early age young boys and girls were ornamented by a number of cuts, made on the arms with a sharp stone. Perhaps these marks served not only as a decoration, but as a sign to distinguish members of various tribes.

When preparing for a dance the natives blackened themselves from head to foot with charcoal, along which they painted wavy lines in red ; and on one occasion Péron, a distinguished explorer and navigator, had his face marked in the same way.

The Tasmanians were very childish in their delight when anything new was observed. The sailors who landed had a great difficulty in keeping their clothing, and buttons always proved a very strong attraction. Like children, the natives very quickly tired of what they begged or stole, and many a settler whose hut was robbed has found various articles, which the thieves had left behind in the bush. Strange animals, such as pigs, goats, and geese, were of the greatest interest to these people, who spoke quite politely to the goat, asking him to take a seat near the fire. The natives were fond of a practical joke, so on one occasion they hid a bag of shell-fish

which two sailors had placed at the foot of a cliff. Presently the owners returned and at once commenced a diligent search for the bag, while the natives remained out of sight laughing at their efforts. When the sailors were some distance off a native came quietly forth and put the bag of shellfish in the place where it had been found, then all watched with delight for the surprised sailors to discover their property.

It was noticed that the men were very selfish, for they invariably crowded near the fire, leaving the women and children to sit in an outer circle. The latter had always the hardest work to do, and at meal times the men never gave food to their wives until their own appetites were satisfied. Péron knew how greedy the men were, so offered them a number of large sour apples and a quantity of small sweet ones. Just as he expected, the men eagerly seized the large fruit and threw the small apples to their women, who on this occasion had the best of the bargain.

The greatest fault of the Tasmanians was treachery, and in dealing with them it was always necessary to keep a watchful eye on their spears, which might, in a sudden fit of anger, be launched without any warning. Refusal of the sailors to part with articles of clothing was quite sufficient to make the natives become angry and treacherous. Péron was at one time on the point of being murdered, when he repeatedly refused to give up a coloured waistcoat to which a tribesman had taken a fancy. The natives, too, could nurse a grievance without showing any sign of ill-will. Maurouard, a

young French midshipman, wrestled with and threw a Tasmanian, who at the time did not appear to mind the incident. Some days later, however, when the middy was ashore, this native launched a spear which wounded him severely in the shoulder.



TASMANIAN GRAVES.

The Tasmanians believed in the existence of two spirits, a good one who governed the day, and an evil one who roamed at night, and in addition to this they had a terror of ghosts. It was said that during the day evil spirits lurked in caves and hollow trees,

ready to come forth at night in order to do mischief to the belated traveller. The full moon seems to have been an object of reverence, for on bright moonlit nights the natives would gather in some lonely forest glade, and there dance in honour of the moon, in the meantime they stretched out their hands as if asking protection. Some natives believed that each man had a spirit which lived after the body had died, and some used to point out the stars where the souls of dead people were supposed to dwell. Others said that dead Tasmanians joined their ancestors in a far-off island where all black people would become white.

So great was the fear of ghosts that it was thought a crime to mention the name of a dead man, lest he should hear the call and return to haunt the tribe. Burial-places were always avoided, and as a charm against sickness and danger two natives would shake little bags of human bones; many were seen to do this when the vessel was conveying them from Tasmania to Flinders Island.

Although the life of these people was so lowly and simple, they were not completely degraded and never resorted to cannibalism; in fact, they seemed horrified at the idea. The native lived his simple life as a hunter; wants and possessions were very few; of home life he had no knowledge; and when at last death claimed him, the body was interred under a mound of earth covered by a bark shelter, which resembled his home whilst he was alive and among his tribesmen.

CHAPTER IV

THE MAORIS OF NEW ZEALAND

SIXTY years ago the Maoris of New Zealand were to be reckoned amongst Great Britain's most stubborn foes, and gallantly did they contest the intrusion of the British into their territories, which had first been occupied by Maori warriors probably about the year 1400 A.D.

Fortunately the English settlers and native inhabitants now live peaceably side by side, and amongst our brave troops from New Zealand the dark-skinned, sturdily built Maoris are very prominent ; for although small in numbers, they still retain the excellent fighting qualities which made them such formidable foes to British emigrants in the period 1860-70.

Not only is the Maori an excellent warrior, but in addition we have to credit him with being a great sailor and navigator, for some six centuries ago he crossed from Tahiti to New Zealand in long open canoes, each capable of holding 150 men. The less warlike race in possession of New Zealand fell before the Maori onslaught like grain before the reaping machine ; the men were killed, while women and children were kept as slaves,

and for several centuries the conquerors lived in undisturbed possession of their fertile land.

Tasman, the great Dutch navigator who touched at New Zealand in 1642, had a very hostile reception, and so fierce were the Maoris who crowded to the beach that landing was impossible. Abel Tasman saw only the north-west corner of South Island and part of the west coast of North Island, and though anxious to land in order to study the country and its people, he was obliged to abandon this



MAORI WAR-CANOE.

ambition when one of his small boats was broken and the crew killed in an attempt to put ashore a small party.

A hundred and twenty-six years later, the famous Captain James Cook landed near Poverty Bay, and in the *Voyages of Captain Cook* one may find many interesting descriptions of Maori warriors, women, villages, canoes, and weapons of war as they existed about the year 1769.

It was not until the year 1825 that a serious effort was made to colonise the fertile country of New Zealand, whose warm, temperate climate was

such an attraction to the roving Britisher. Members of the first New Zealand Company were dismayed with the ferocity of the natives who opposed them at the Thames estuary; but a few of the braver traders settled at Hokianga, purchased land from the Maoris, and were for a time successful in farming enterprises, only, alas! to be murdered when their warlike neighbours became excited a few years later.

The year 1840 was very important in the history of Maoris and British settlers; for then it was that 512 chiefs from all parts of the colony met in order to acknowledge Queen Victoria as their sovereign, and at that time the great treaty of Waitangi was signed. The sight of these Maori warriors must have been very imposing and interesting, for all of them were tall and well built, and in addition to the cloaks and feathered head-dress, one could not fail to notice the beautiful tattooing which, in the form of curves and spirals, covered the faces and legs of all men of noble birth.

For a time it seemed that a peaceable settlement had been secured, but there were constant misunderstandings concerning the purchase of land, probably because no one thoroughly understood the Maori language. In addition to this cause for dispute the natives were made angry and dissatisfied when a young native chief named Maketu was hanged for murder. The Maoris thought that payment of a fine to the relations of the murdered man should be sufficient punishment.

On some occasions, when a plot of land had been sold and the engineers were ready to mark out the

ground, a hostile band of native warriors would destroy the surveyors' huts, pull up the pegs which marked out the ground, and in more than one instance the disturbance resulted in the death of several English settlers.

Our ten years' war with the Maoris began in 1860, and so determined were the native chiefs, that the struggle would have lasted much longer if only the various tribes had been united, instead of which they fought in small, isolated bands, while not a few remained true to their oath of allegiance to Queen Victoria.

Very quickly the Maoris erected a "Pa" or strongly fortified earthwork, behind which, not only warriors, but women and children could find shelter. The latter always remained brave and faithful during an attack, and when once the Maori gave battle the fight was to the death. For a time Colonel Gold was outwitted and repulsed, but eventually Captain Cracroft, with a force of blue-jackets and marines from H.M.S. *Niger*, dislodged the Maoris from their stronghold, and then there followed three years of fighting in the bush.

There was no great decisive battle to end the ten years of strife; but when in 1869 the strong Maori rebel Te-kooti fled to the mountains, his forces gradually broke up, and the year 1870 marks the commencement of friendly relationships between white settlers and their opponents.

A short quotation from Sir Robert Stout, at one time Premier of New Zealand, will show with what determination the Maoris fought, and how difficult it was to subdue them.

On the occasion mentioned, "The defending force was, including women and children, but 400 all told. The combined attacking English forces amounted to over 1250. The 'Pa' was subjected to a galling artillery fire, and saps were thrown forward. The Maoris, without water and with but a scanty supply of food, still resolutely defended



A MAORI TYPE. ARAKITE POHN OF ROTORUA.
(From a New Zealand Government Photograph.)

their position. . . . To a demand to surrender, they replied with words meaning, 'We will fight on for ever and ever and ever.' A safe conduct for the women and children was offered, but the women decided to stand by their men, and two more English assaults were beaten back with loss. While the British commanders took counsel, the Maoris, recognising that they could not hope, without food

and water, and with failing ammunition, to hold their ground, suddenly, with their women and children in the centre, boldly marched out through the breach, but not to surrender. Two or three remained in order to divert the besiegers, the rest, husbanding their ammunition for the final encounter, pressed forward and fought their way to freedom. The pursuit lasted six miles, and of the whole Maori garrison only half escaped."

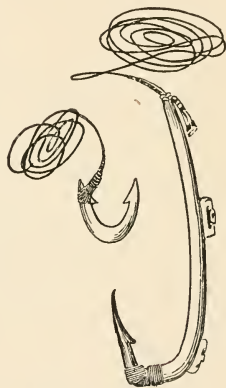
What is the present-day condition of this fighting race? Since 1840 their numbers have dwindled from 120,000 to about 40,000, though in recent years the population of native villages has tended to increase, very probably because the spread of education is teaching the people how to avoid and combat disease. Maoris are represented in the Houses which correspond to our Houses of Lords and Commons. There they make eloquent speeches which are interpreted, and during discussions the present-day Maoris show the same fire and passion which were displayed years ago when a warrior chief was about to lead his troops to battle. The arts of wood carving and weaving flax still flourish in native villages, while many a peaceful sheep-run is largely under the management of descendants of the fiercest warriors the world has ever seen.

Such is the present-day condition and past history of these early inhabitants of New Zealand; and now, what do we know of their ancient occupations and interesting customs and beliefs, which have so rapidly decayed since European settlers landed in large numbers?

When not engaged in tribal warfare the Maoris

had a great variety of occupations, for in addition to obtaining a food supply by hunting, fishing, and agriculture, there was the building of houses and canoes. Clothing, weapons, and personal ornaments required a great deal of attention, while very much time was given to decorating the face and body with designs, cut in the flesh by means of a sharp instrument edged with sharks' teeth.

Fish hooks were cleverly constructed from sharpened pieces of bone, and for launching the spear a throwing - whip was made. The Maori did not depend entirely on animal food, but round his well-built house was to be found a small plantation of yams and sweet potatoes, which were attended to by the women. Cloaks and head-dresses were manufactured from feathers of a bird named the "moa," now extinct, and a skirt-like garment was woven from flax. Knives had to be made from sharks' teeth, or from a hard black stone named obsidian, for metals were quite unknown, and some sharp-edged instrument was needed for the beautiful carving, which ornamented doorposts and the outsides of boxes containing feathers and cloaks with which chiefs decorated themselves on special occasions.



MAORI FISH-HOOKS
(NEW ZEALAND).

A hard green stone named "jade" was rubbed into the form of a club, having a grip for the hand

and a broad, flat, sharp-edged blade. This beautiful stone could be highly polished, and the Maori was very fond of making a neck ornament merely by rubbing the stone into the required shape. A neck ornament still more in favour was made from the skull of an enemy, for the Maori warrior had a strange belief that by



SWEET POTATO (*Convolvulus batatas*).
(Syn., *Ipomaea paniculata*.)

wearing this relic, or drinking from it, he could get all the good fighting qualities of the man he had killed.

Games were often indulged in, and it is surprising to find among them "cat's-cradle" and top spinning. Racing, on foot and in canoes, was the cause of great excitement, while wrestling provided another manly sport. Dances were indulged in, sometimes merely as a pastime, but more fre-

quently to work up a great deal of excitement before commencing hostilities with a neighbouring tribe. On such occasions the Maori warriors would dance wildly with great leaps and bounds ; meanwhile they made hideous grimaces and went through the motions of killing a foe and cutting off his head. Songs were usually very monotonous and mournful, though the Maoris have very rich musical voices. Wind instruments were the flute, trumpets made from large shells, and whistles manufactured from the bones of a fallen enemy.

Houses were very substantially built of strong logs, the roofs were made to slope until the eaves almost reached the ground, and a great deal of time and labour was spent in carving the door-posts and lintel. The interior was lined with rushes, which were often coloured and arranged in the form of ornamental patterns. A fireplace and open window were provided, so it seems that the Maori had a dwelling very superior to the miserable shelters used by Australian and Tasmanian natives.

Canoes in which long voyages could be made were built from a single log, or perhaps from a number of stout planks lashed together with strong ropes of flax ; the seams would be tightly caulked and made watertight with vegetable fibre. At each end of the boat was a high ornamental post most beautifully carved ; it took the place of what sailors call a "figurehead," usually placed under the bowsprit of a sailing vessel. The Maori might make the prow-post in the form of a sea-god who was thought to control the winds and waves, while very often the gunwale or edge of the vessel was

ornamented with tufts of hair taken from the heads of enemies slain in battle. Spade-like paddles, six or eight feet in length, were wielded by 150 sturdy rowers, and the steering was done, not by a rudder, but with the assistance of two men who sat at the end of the canoe and used long paddles.

Sometimes schoolboys amuse themselves by tattooing spots which can never be removed when once



(After Sketch by
Major-General Robley.)



(After Photo.)

TATTOOING: A MAORI CHIEF FULLY TATTOOED AND A
MAORI WOMAN WITH CHIN TATTOOED.

the ink has settled under the skin, and among soldiers and sailors this marking of the body is very common. Maori tattooing is quite unlike anything of the sort found in other parts of the world, for instead of pricking in a picture of some plant or animal, people of noble birth used to cut spirals and circles all over the face, legs, and thighs. These grooves were cut deeply with a small adze edged with shark's teeth, and the operation must have been very painful, for the deep

cuts were filled with red or blue colouring which prevented them from healing for a long time.

The marks made on a chief's face appear to have been something more than ornament, for when a warrior wished to sign a peace treaty or document concerning the sale of land, he made marks corresponding to the lines on his face. Women regarded a tattooed design on the chin, not merely as a mark of beauty, but as a charm against old age. Maori maidens have said to missionaries: "We really must have a few lines on our lips or we shall soon be old and ugly." Absence of tattoo marks seems to have been a sign of disgrace, for when quarrelling, one Maori has been heard to say: "What have you done? What heads have you taken in battle? Where are your tattoo marks?"

In the year 1816, John Rutherford had the misfortune to fall into the hands of Maori warriors who tattooed his face and body from the hips to the knees. Fortunately Rutherford contrived to escape, and in 1829 was exhibiting himself in London in order to tell the story of his captivity and marriage to the daughter of a Maori chief. The natives of New Zealand did not consider that a man could be one of them until he had been marked as they were. During 1807 a vessel named the *Sydney Cove* was wrecked, and the Maoris killed and ate all the crew except James Caddell, who was spared because he had become holy by touching the sleeping mat of a great chief. This youth was adopted, after he had been tattooed in the same manner as his captors.

The person who performed this operation was very much respected, and claimed high fees for his

work. Some of the gifts included slaves, canoes, and cloth, and at the present day a Maori girl will pay the equivalent of thirty shillings to the person who can tattoo her lips and chin. An old Maori verse reads:

“ He who pays well, let him
 Be beautifully ornamented,
 But he who forgets the operator,
 Let him be done carelessly,
 Be the lines far apart.”

The writer and traveller, R. L. Stevenson, has explained one reason for tattooing in the lines

“ Round all his martial body,
 And in bands across his face,
 The marks of the tattooer
 Proclaim his lofty place.”

Maoris were very intelligent and thoughtful, so they tried to explain all the wonders of the earth, sky, and sea. A being named “ It ” was looked upon as a great god, who made the world when all was darkness and confusion, but there were several other gods who were thought to be responsible for supplying plant and animal life. Rangi was spoken of as the “ sky father ” who controlled the sunshine and rain, while Rango was the god who watched over cultivations, and to him the Maori would pray for an abundant crop of sweet potatoes. Tane had the special work of protecting men, birds, and forests; Tangaroa took care of all fish in the sea, and to him the fisherman would pray for an abundant catch, likewise for fair weather for sailing the canoe. So

all nature was divided into special parts, each looked after by a god who at one time lived among the Maoris as a great chief. No wonder, then, that a chief was so greatly revered, for his people fully believed that after death he would become a god to whom they might pray for success in fighting, hunting, or fishing.

Stars were thought to be ornaments on the breast of the sky-god, and in addition to the worship mentioned, Maoris always revered their ancestors, who were supposed to have a special care of the house and family. To these ancestral spirits the eldest son made offerings of food at least once a year, and always on any special occasion such as a wedding.

One of the best-known Maori gods was Rangomai, who had been a chief of dauntless courage, and to him people would pray whenever they were in distress. There are still to be found people who believe that Rangomai can appear when his help is required. Quite recently a Maori said, "Rangomai has accompanied me on my travels at night. I was riding along the shore of Lake Taupo when the sign of Rangomai appeared to follow me in the sky as I went on my way. He is my protector."

Any very peculiar tree, stone, or lake is thought to have in it a guardian spirit, to whom the passing traveller must make some little offering. Nowadays when a Maori sees a tree with a peculiar shape, or a stone of great size and strange appearance, he will pluck a few leaves and place them in the tree or on the stone, as an offering to the spirit inside. If the traveller fails to show these signs of respect,

it is thought that he will be pursued by a storm, or overtaken by some calamity.

The word "tapu" filled the bravest fighter with terror, for it meant "that which is holy, and must not be touched." The articles belonging to a chief were always "tapu," and the Rev. R. Taylor, a missionary, says that two men died of fright when they discovered that they had been handling the snuffbox of a great chief. A man was always "tapu" when being tattooed, and at that time he was not allowed to touch food or drink with his hands, so had to be fed through a small wooden funnel, like an invalid's feeding-cup.

This strange system of "tapu" still flourishes strongly on a small island in Lake Rotorua. Here a guide will point out a spot which is sacred because some one died there; yonder is a tree which is "tapu" because in olden times the bones of a great chief were suspended from its branches. In former times the day set apart for planting the seed of the sweet potato was exceptionally holy. Fishing was to be suspended, and no canoe was allowed to ruffle the waters of the lake, while every person was to make the occasion a time of fasting. The priest used to pray for a plentiful harvest, and the young plants were guarded by the skull of a warrior set up in the middle of the plantation.

Like most savage peoples, the Maoris used to believe in charms or spells, which they employed for many purposes. When in love a youth would go to the forest, and by making peculiar cries he attracted a number of small birds, one of which, when captured, was held in the hand. Then the

youth repeated a spell which was thought to make the maiden fall in love with him.

“ What is this bird ?
 It is a wood robin.
 'Tis jumping hither and thither,
 Chirping Ti-ti.
 O wife of mine, come hither,
 Approach and fly to my embrace.”

Then there was a charm for removing a fish-bone from the throat. The medicine man was called in, and after striking the patient on the back of the neck, he said to the demon Poke :

“ Move inside !
 Move quickly !
 Move out of that !
 Let go, O Poke ! ”

Such were the occupations and beliefs of the native tribes of New Zealand. Now let us conclude with a short story concerning their warfare and superstitions.

Many years ago there lived on a small island in Lake Rotorua a brave little band of Maori people who, like all tribes of that time, were ever watchful for a band of murderous foes. Fixed upright in the lake was a peculiar old post, the remains of which are visible to this day, and concerning this post an old woman named Tona had a strange impressive dream.

The moonlight was causing the little waves of the lake to glitter, while here and there a fish darted, leaving behind a bright streak of light in the silvery water. As Tona strolled along the

shore, she heard a mournful song coming from the old post, which had always been regarded with great superstition and fear.

Sadly the spirit imprisoned in the old post sang of the horrors which were shortly to befall the island, when the Hongi Hika tribe should sweep down in overpowering numbers and destroy the homes on the pretty island. Tona was chilled with horror, as tremblingly she told her story to the wise men and terrified women and children. A few weeks elapsed ; then, in spite of a brave resistance, the Hongi swept all before them, and sailed the lake as conquerors. A few scattered survivors fled to the woods to perish, and the peaceful little island was the scene of cannibal feasts and revelry.

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